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Slept-Through Sundays

Heather McCutchen

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SLEPT-THROUGH SUNDAYS

Heather McCutchen

Where are my early spring hats
my Sunday dresses?
I haven't seen them in years...
It's been that long since I got out of bed early to put up my hair.
Yes, when was the last time I ran to the car with the funnies in one hand,
and the collection money in the other?

Somehow the logic has gone from those Sunday proceedings.
Somehow I haven't reasoned myself into awakening in a long time.
Sorry, God,
but you know what I really miss,
are the early spring hats,
the swirls of stained glass,
the juvenile buzz from communion,
and the mysterious choreography of the well-dressed alcolytes.